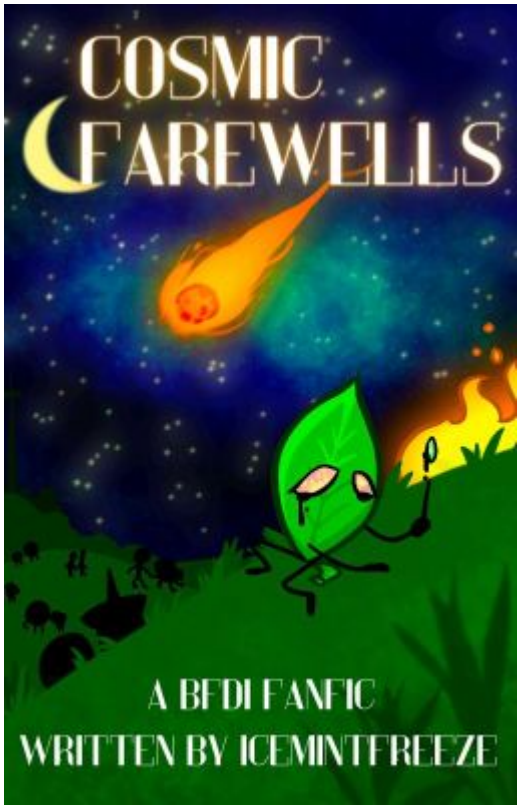
COSMIC
FAREWELLS
A BFDI FANFIC
WRITTEN BY ICEMINTFREEZE

DEATH

[*Death, is life, is death, is life...*]

Words usually meant nothing to Leafy.

One possibly couldn't believe it, but time does wonders to the wounds from the unseen. She spent her fair share of time, running back and forth from becoming one of the nicest contestants, to one of the most hated, but back to the nicest, albeit a few little sparks of anger here and there. She had really spent her days, countlessly structuring the ways she could right her wrongs, wanting to be out of Yoyleland as quickly as possible. Sure, there were sights that took her very breath away, but how could she take them in when she is completely alone?

Thankfully, that wasn't a concern to her anymore. Her passion was immortal; she did not stop to make things right between her and her dearest Firey. Each sour encounter led them to the peak of bitterness, where they could both finally take in their wrongdoings and lay their burdens to rest. There are still things that they need to fix, hidden demons that claw at their spines every now and then, but their relationship has finally blossomed into something extraordinary, the petals of their love glowing passionately in the dreary atmosphere of the competition. Their love sparked on, even bringing them to leave their competition and find their true dream island, one where they could finally plant the seeds of their tainted pasts, and shower with the light of their love.

In short, she was happy. She was finally happy. All those months spent wailing to the stars, her heart aching so painfully that it trapped any breath she wished to take; it was all worth fighting through. Her tear stains would forever be engraved in those lime-green cheeks of hers, but that didn't matter to her. She lived. At least... she thought she did.

But now, here she was, kneeling at the crater that she had recognized. A pit filled with the snakes of her deepest fears, staring back at her with their hellish eyes as their hisses taunted her.

She stared at the letter in her hands, her hands fighting to keep still as she began to read.

"Firey, Leafy; we hope this letter finds you well.

We know you two are out together, searching endlessly for your Dream Island, but we weren't sure if you both knew the situation that objectkind is facing. We debated on even sending you this letter, but we knew this would find its way back to you eventually. And if things come to an end, we would rather you two have each other and embrace what's to come, then stare at the sky in horror as the ground gives in..."

Leafy's eyes continued to scan through the words, confusion and worry seeping in the crevices of her mind. She was caught in a trance in the message, the sea of warnings keeping her from noticing a familiar flame behind her.

"Leafster!" The mere name of his beloved was enough to bring a smile to his face. His flames flickered happily, walking over to his lovely little lemon-leaf with a spring in his step. Firey wasn't used to being someone who revealed this sweetened side to him; but everything was just so perfect, he couldn't help letting his light shine through.

Walking over, he carefully placed a hand on her shoulder, keeping his distance so as to not burn the poor woman. Seeing as to how she hadn't responded, he looked up, giving her a smile.

"Hey... Little Leafy Lulu, are you there?" He chuckled. "You've been at the shore for a while, I was wondering if you wanted to roam the place with me a little more."

Silence. That is, until Firey's smile would vanish, as his eyes locked onto the tears that clouded Leafy's sparkling eyes. The joy that they once captured... it had vanished.

Firey knew this look all too well. He hated that he could recognize it,

for it was all too familiar to him when he was playing childish games with her; ignoring her, pretending he didn't know her in front of the familiar faces of the competition, all so he could move ahead in the games.

He would often wonder if it was worth it, watching her struggle to fight back tears as her heart would split into two. And every time, behind that stupid look he would make, he had to bite down the urge to reach for her, to apologize, to take her away from that awful place and make up for lost time.

In the end, it was never worth it to him. And seeing this expression on her once more struck a ray of fear into the flame. He carefully patted her arm, cautiously stepping around to face her.

"Uh, Leafy...?"

—

[*Carve our names into the grave again...*]

"Oh my gordita- where did you get this?! This is the best pupusas I've ever had!"

"Please, don't compliment me like that, Taco-y. I run my own business; I don't need anyone making my treasured tortilla a favored delicacy from her childhood."

"...Lollipop."

"Alright, I got it from the Steakhouse."

"KNEW IT!" The soft-shelled taco snorted, the fish tail wiggling slightly as she stood back on her feet. She let her eyes glance up at the towering figure over her, but instead of any hesitation or fear, she teasingly pointed her finger towards her. "It's the one dish that we're still working on TOGETHER."

The purple lollipop raised her hands defeatedly in the air, an airy smirk growing on her face as she approached the smaller object with ease.

"Ah ah ah. You know I'm trying my best to learn your dishes, dear. No need to get cocky now."

"Once we get you flipping a tortilla without burning yourself, I say we can progress from there." Taco smiled, carefully placing her extra pupusas on a spare plate, lifting them towards her. "Now come on- you need to eat too."

"Hun, I got those for you. I don't need to-"

"Eat. Now."

Well, there was no point in arguing against the woman. Lollipop walked over, gently taking a seat beside the smaller girl as she slid the plate over to hers. With the familiar crinkle and outpouring smell of salsa, she would grab her napkins, happily beginning to dig in.

This was one of the many days off that Lollipop had from keeping her business afloat. But who said a woman couldn't do it? Being a competitive yet powerful owner of a business that profits off of her inventions, she didn't need anyone to tell her that she was the best. She was her own boss, her own comfort and support, and she was nothing short of an icon that every woman in Goiky could look up to.

Why leave it all to the men? Ladies, please. Let's show the world where we belong, as she loved to say.

She's faced a handful of bumps and turns throughout her life, but her world faced its first twist when Taco emerged into the picture. How couldn't it? The two shared a mutual friendship with their dear Saw, but while she was off smooching her dearest Gaty, they couldn't help but observe one another's actions and analyze each other's attitudes. And Lollipop couldn't help but be taken aback by Taco herself- for someone as short as her, she was a buzzing ball of determination, striving to be a leader amongst her and her own teammates. And although there were some instances where this failed rather miserably (Lollipop doesn't enjoy looking back at their first challenge, ever), Taco had such a moxy to try and pick herself back up, that Lollipop just couldn't help herself from glancing over and watching her as she went along her day.

Thankfully, being professional does have its perks; for she caught herself staring at the woman for far too long, but to others, it looked as if she were deep in thought.

It took her quite a while to fully grasp at these emotions, and once she was able to let them sink, they struck her hard. But this didn't phase her in one bit; why, she decided to have some fun with it. And dear little Taco didn't know what was coming for her (lovingly, of course).

It was all history from there. From the small talks, to the teasing, to the flirting and conversations, the two would naturally begin to grow closer towards one another. Lollipop did fear that this would throw her off from everything she knew; she was a BOSS. Who had time for love and other sappy stuff? She had to keep her head in the game in order to show that yellow FREAK who was boss. This was the only thing she had hidden away from Taco, keeping it locked in the darkest pits of her spherical mind.

Despite this, here she was; sharing a dinner with her dearly beloved while winding down for the day. Her business was going strongly, as she had a possible collaboration with Gelatin's Steakhouse (and maybe, MAYBE, Flower's fashion line), and the future held nothing but stars of opportunities; they shined down the path that she takes with each step, guiding her through the wonderful life she had created for herself.

Lollipop continued to eat, using her hands to split apart the tortilla as she scooped some salsa onto its center. The flavors melted on her tongue, causing her to smile as she turned back to face the shorter object.

"So," she began, "What's on the watchlist today?"

"Lolli, are you sure you don't want to pick?" Taco pouted, glancing up towards her girlfriend. "I don't want to let you feel left out here..."

"Dear. If you place that remote in my hands, we'll be here for the next ten years trying to look for something to watch."

"Fine, fine... I'm just making sure, you know."

"And I love you for that." Lollipop leaned down, placing a kiss on her cheek. She could practically feel the blush burning from Taco's cheeks, as she grabbed the remote, clearing her throat flusteredly.

"L-Let's see what we can find..."

And with a click, the darkness in the room would be banished by the screen's light, instantly brightening up the atmosphere around them. But the flashing, "BREAKING NEWS" banner would flood the room with a blood red hue, causing the two to jump.

If only they knew better; for no choice would be made that night.

[*The flowers are fresh and their faces wet...*]

When Ruby finally broke her gaze away from the TV, the last thing she could ever expect is seeing her girlfriend, who never hesitated to kick someone to the curb, curling up into a trembling ball on the other side of the sofa.

It's nothing short of a wake up call to her. Seeing Flower grasp at her petals with such a vivid emotion that Ruby could feel it, almost scaring her, as she had never seen her love in such a state. She's trapped in a trance; she always knew what to do when she needed to ease the flames of her passionate girlfriend. But what could she do when her flames were extinguished into nothing?

"Flower," Ruby's voice barely made it past her lips. Her heart dropped when a wail cracked through the heavy atmosphere, rattling the gemstones very core as her eyes were locked on her, now panicking, girlfriend.

Usually, Ruby was never taken aback by an outburst from Flower. Her friends would question her; her alliance begrudgingly asked how she could ever handle the "devil in pink", as they so (impolitely) called her. Loving Flower was more than just loving her beauty, as any romantic story should be- the woman would walk as if she owned the world, her demeanor so powerful and fierce- but beneath

it, was nothing short of a tender, loving side to her. Either or, Ruby did not care- she embraced every part of her dear Flower with no hesitation.

Yet, this side was something she had never let the light of day shine upon. This wail feels nothing short of uneasy, with such a tensity that was knotted in her shoulders and spine. The way Flower would frantically dig her face into the darkness of her knees, letting the darkness blind the world that unfolded before her. This raises an alarm for Ruby, and despite feeling afraid, she immediately rushes over to her.

She placed a tender hand on Flower's cheek, carefully lifting the bloom's face from the darkness of her knees. "Flower- look at me. Breathe, and hold my hands. You have to breathe."

"I-I.. Ca-an't..." Flower stuttered, a mix of sobs and wheezes cutting her words short. Squeezing her hands, Ruby would block the view of the screen behind her, averting Flower's eyes from the broadcast they had just witnessed.

"Here... let's do this together, ok? Breathe in... and out..."

"Ha-aah... I-.."

"In... and out..."

It took the two a while, but Flower's panicked state would begin to fade away. She still clutched onto the gemstones hands, her grip growing tighter as her heart quivered from the haunting reminder of the news that had befallen them.

Death. It repeated endlessly in her mind like a broken record. *Permanent death. A permanent ending, and it's three months away*.

Seeing that Flower had somewhat regained the control of her own being, Ruby would lift her hand to her cheek, using her thumb to gently caress the freckles that etched endless constellations across her cheeks. The warmth was enough to make Flower melt, as her body would slowly begin to ease itself, the knots of s feared tension slowly becoming loose.

Oh, how selfish she was. Flower never cared about the well-being of those around her; if she were trapped in a burning building with familiar faces, she would make a mad-dash to the only exit without any second thought. But here she was, with someone who cared so deeply about her- comforting her, when it should have been the other way around.

Was Ruby scared? Was Ruby feeling this terror that stabbed through Flower's beating heart? What did the gemstone's mind look like, after seeing something completely devastating?

Devastating. They were all used to death. Having recovery centers around made them avoid the bitter reality of what living is truly like. When they face an accident, they're cranked out of a metal box, the sunshine kissing at their very soul as they are given another chance. There were no limits, there were never those three little hearts at the corner of the screen; they were immortal.

That is, until now.

There usually wouldn't have been anything to worry about. This was a situation that could've been handled if the games were still running, with each of them scrambling to a familiar number to fix this mess. Normalcy would return within the snap of their fingers, and the futures that they had once dreamed of were finally in front of them. But now, what were they supposed to do?

Four and X had left. The Announcer had vanished. Two returned to their home planet due to an "urgent emergency"; they were all alone. And seeing something as massive as that rock, hurtling towards the planet that they called home, would destroy every one of them in an instant, taking the recovery center into the crashing inferno that would occur.

With her thorn-covered wings now clipped by the goddesses above, Flower was falling into the boiling abyss of what awaited her; death. And she couldn't ever admit it to anyone, that death was something that terrified her to her very core.

But with this cat now out of the bag, there was truly no going back for the bloom. She would have to face the monstrous, flaming

inferno, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

___

[*Saying all the same things, I'm gone this time...*]

Why? *Why* did we have to, like, be that way?

The question echoes in Match's mind, as she was sitting in a darkened kitchen that she shared with her girlfriend.

Ever since the news of the asteroid hit the media, the two woodsickles have gone on to shut every device off in their apartment. It was quiet. *Too* quiet, for the poor matchstick to handle. The conversations that shot back and forth between the two had long died down, as the remaining fragments of mindless distractions would be shared with passing glances towards one another. It's as if they had now become robots- aimlessly following the routines that they shared, ever since the day the games had come to a close.-

Not even the games- moreso, the day they were finally released from Four's mind. The adventures they had there were nothing short of extraordinary, from the discovery of other numbers, to a vast forest that stretched across the numerals skull, the two couldn't stop sharing the discoveries that they had made once they reunited in each other's embrace.

But the world they had returned to, was not the same one that they had left behind. Half of the contestants had vanished- off to compete in yet ANOTHER numbers show (seriously, where are they coming from?), while the remaining half had settled down, long after BFB concluded. The objects they once knew had matured, and while the two were confused as to how Woody was pulling pranks, and how Flower get along with the remaining crew, the two didn't bother to listen in.

In fact, it was priceless to see. The two couldn't have ever predicted someone as ferocious as FLOWER becoming friendly towards every object that surrounded her. This itself immediately became a part of their little teasing routine, and they walked along with no second thought, those non-existent crowns shimmering on their heads.

Funny. It was always funny, at least, to them.

Now, Match looked back in shame. The amount of time that she had spent teasing and hating others would haunt her mind, as the calendars were making their final round with each passing day. Months would soon turn to weeks, and it would lead to the ultimate conclusion of their very beings.

It's painful. Just now, Match had realized that everyone she had ever come to know had a different beginning, but their stories would soon all end in the same way.

The familiar turn of the lock would snap Match back to reality. Her head turned, immediately greeting Pencil's gaze as she watched her carry two bags with a disgruntled expression. There was clearly something on the girl's mind, and it wouldn't be pretty.

"You'd think a gameshow would be limited to those numbers," Pencil murmured, shutting the door behind her with a nudge of her foot. "But my god, everyone's at each other's throats just for some food."

"What was it like out there?" Match frowned, sitting herself up on the sofa.

"It's just peachy, Match! It's not like I had to shove people to the ground to come back with my life. God, I almost got stabbed just because I took the last few drinks!"

"Who would, like, stab you over that?!"

"Just this random lighter. Heh, he was trying to bring up the whole "I'm sick" card; well, wake up buddy! We're all going to die in a few months, might as well just live through it."

There it was. Usually, Match would undoubtedly agree with her girlfriend; they did run out of water, after all. But this just felt... wrong.

"Pence-Pence," Match fiddled with her fingers nervously, "Maybe... we should, like, try to take things easy.. This time..."

"Easy?! I was almost killed out there, Match- we need to do the OPPOSITE of easy here!"

"I know, but is this really, like, how you want to spend the last few-"

"I'm not risking ANYTHING here Match. We are keeping our heads low, and we are living as far as we can. I don't want us getting our necks snapped over some stupid-"

"Pencil!"

"What."

The cold response made Match's heart drop to her shoes. She never did like speaking against Pencil; she was a stubborn woman, keeping her foot down in any decision that she made for herself. She embraced every part of Pencil ever since day one, but since then...

She's changed. It made her dizzy just thinking about it.

"I know things are, like, insane out there," She ignored the piercing glare that Pencil was giving her, "But, maybe we should, like, really try to change here. I mean- this is, like, our final stretch here, pence-pence. The recovery center's aren't going to be there to bring us back anymore."

"Don't start with that crap, Match."

"You need to, like, hear it. Is this really how you want to go? Being bitter to, like, everyone around you with the knowing possibility that you won't *ever* see them again?

"Good. I always hated the others. Maybe we'll get a break once we kick the bucket- wherever that is."

"And your brother? How do you think he feels?"

Those words were enough to shut Pencil's mouth. Hesitantly, she turned back towards her lover, the corners of her mouth twinging to try and keep any form of hesitation hidden behind it.

"What about him." She murmured.

"You think he's, like, spending this time slapping everyone around him? Being a jerk to everyone? Hasn't it occurred to you that he's probably scared, too?"

"He's got his boyfriend."

"Doesn't, like, mean he forgot about you."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Pencil, listen." Match stood up, huffing tiredly as she approached the other woman. "Three months from now, none of this will, like, matter anymore. Everyone you and I know will be gone- and we won't know if there's, like, going to be any chance of recovering from this."

Saying it out loud hit her harder than a bag of bricks. She even failed to notice the tears that began to slip down her eyes, as she continued to speak.

"I love you, more than words could ever say. But right now, I don't want us to leave on such a sour note. Maybe it was fun, like, in the beginning, but... I'm tired, Pence-Pence. I can't keep, like, hating anymore. We have to enjoy it as much as we can, together."

A hushed silence blanketed over the two. Pencil was taken aback- staring silently at her lover as she cried over the news. It already hurt her to see those pearly tears rolling down her pretty face, but what broke her, was the fact that she was right.

This was it. This was finally it, and nobody was sure if anyone would ever return from the damage that awaits them.

[*Meet me here, across the plane, the other side...*]

"The comet, more commonly known as Absinthe, is set to collide with the planet in exactly three months from now. This is it, everyone."

No more news would've been comforting from that point on. But, that was okay; at least, for Donut. The news reporter would go into greater detail about the breaking news, but what benefit would that

do for objectkind? Offering a bitter solace by describing the very rock that would obliterate them, as well as their loved ones, taking their hopes and dreams...

And leaving nothing behind.

Grabbing the remote, Donut would silently press the red button, watching as darkness enveloped the news reporter on the screen, cutting him off as he began to discuss the findings on the Comet Absinthe. The room echoed with the final words that escaped the screen, with the silence letting them snake around the objects heads, coiling tightly into every crease and crevice of their very mind.

Absinthe. Comet. Collision. Three months.

Three months.

Three months.

How cruel. Couldn't the world spare the souls of the angels that already roam on its surface? There was one right by his side, clutching at his other hand tightly with a hold that screamed a thousand unseen secrets. The two had blossomed together, through thick and thin, since they had become teammates- and without her, maybe Donut would have been more terrified with the given news.

But Barfbag was here. And even if he was scared, he had to keep himself together.

He looked down. There was a hidden trance that kept Barfbag's eyes glued to the screen, as she didn't move another muscle from the couch. Her blank expression locked every hint of her mind from anyone around her, as she too, was still trapped by the words that escaped from the screen before her.

It's embarrassing, really. For objects with recovery centers (and numbers that magically healed any ailment they carried), you'd think they would be much more used to the concept of death itself. But it wasn't that anymore.

They weren't coming back. They always came back, no matter what-

but now, they weren't going to come back.

She couldn't hear her name for a few moments, yet it was the familiar voice from her lover that caused her to blink, grounding her back to the reality that she was trapped in.

"Whah."

"Earth to Barfbag- you there?"

The familiar warmth that came from Donut's voice was enough to make her fear-filled muscles melt. She turned, letting her gaze be blessed by the man before her as her grip loosened on his.

"Hey.." She greeted softly, her hand brushing against his palm. "You.. okay..?"

"Come on- I should be asking you that question."

"You know you need someone to look after you, too..."

Donut's eyes closed.

God. How it hurt him, knowing that no matter what he tried to do, he couldn't save them from the horrors that hurtled towards their very being. He was the one that should have comforted them; the one that shielded them from any danger that dared threaten their very being.

But now? How could he sleep, knowing that he had failed to achieve what he wished to do from day one?

He had finally had a chance to come to terms with himself. He was more than a grumpy teammate from BFDIA- he had found himself a family, a real home. And as they were all finally adjusting to the end of the game, this peace would just be- taken away?

Well, there was nothing they could do now- as bitter as the realization was. He needed to be there for Barfbag, for everyone the two had looked over. He had to-

"Hey."

Barfbag's voice was enough to melt these worries away. The only way he knew how, was the realization that his grip on her hand was immediately beginning to loosen.

"Oh my bakery- Barfy!" He jumped in alarm, quickly caressing the hand from the poor woman, "I'm so sorry!"

"No no, it's okay Donut... cmon, it's not like you hurt me here."

"I almost did!!"

"Shh."

Donut could feel the jelly rushing to his face, as he watched Barfbag carefully cup her cheeks around his freckled cheeks. They had been together for a long while now, but the fact that he would immediately mellow down at this gesture was enough to solidify their love for one another.

But, now? It was beginning to feel bitter. Would they ever have a chance to experience this again?

It seems like the same worry was circulating between the two, as the gazes that locked between one another was enough to confirm those unspoken fears. And they knew that now, there wouldn't be anything more that they could do.

The only thing? Well... it was to be there for one another. There were still a few objects that looked up to them, whether that be for guidance, or, in Gelatin's terms, to joke with them. After all, Bracelety had grown close to the pair- almost seeing them as her own family. They still couldn't beat her girlfriend, for Ice Cube would forever remain on the top of her list. Naily and Bomby would visit from time to time- as their old bond would recover after the games had concluded. They could only imagine how they'd reacted to the news about the comet- knowing that it wouldn't be hitting them too well, and now, they needed to keep their heads up high. All for them.

Besides- they had one another. They each had a shoulder to lean on. They could do this together, all until the end of time itself.

Maybe even beyond.

—

[*When you aren't around, I sink into the ground...*]

Promises were made to be broken. It's just how life is supposed to be.

Then, why couldn't she accept it?

Pin stood silently at her kitchen counter, staring down at the plethora of ingredients that were scattered before her, the secret keys to unlocking the gates of flavortown themselves. After all- she was quite the baker.

But every recipe had vanished from her mind. She searched endlessly through the many stored files in the back of her mind, trying to recall every memory that brought smiles upon the people she had loved the most. Yet, no matter how hard she tried, there was nothing but dead air.

Dead air. Isn't that what will be left of all of this, in three months time?

God, no. Don't think about it. Stop acting this way. Please don't think about it right now; she made a promise to try and keep her head up high through this, and promises made with her dearest right-hand man were promises that must be kept.

She blinked. Pin slowly would begin to ground herself, her shaking hands slowly beginning to brush against the counter top. Every grain of sugar and flour would make their presence known, hiding underneath the hidden crevices of the surface. They had come to witness every memory that took place in this very kitchen- the laughter, the tears, the deep conversations that were held with each passing slice of cake- it's all what brought this very kitchen to life. And no matter how hard she or Coiny would try to clean, these mischievous little grains wouldn't budge.

Soon, gentle steps would begin to snap her back into place. She knew the familiar tapping against the hard-wooden floors, and there was no way she would let her sweetheart catch her in such melancholy.

"Now, what's on the menu today, captain?" Coiny's voice charmed the

dear thumbtack, bringing a gentle smile on her face.

"I was thinking of baking your favorite today." Pin hummed, gently turning back to face him.

She could practically see the galaxy in his dearest eyes. Those familiar stars twinkled with excitement, as he excitedly licked his lips at the mere mention.

"You don't mean.."

"Cmon', co-captain. It'll be my treat!"

"Piiiin!!" Joyously, Coiny would wrap his arms around his girlfriend, immediately pecking her cheek with the softest of kisses that nearly melted her heart. Pin couldn't help but laugh, gently hugging the coin-creature close before she looked back down at him.

She wasn't sure what made them click. She never knew how- especially with the reputation that she held. But, god, she wouldn't have had it any other way. This coin gave her something that she never experienced before, an endless wave of care and comfort that was merely indescribable to her. The love in his eyes was something so reassuring to her, and his voice, his kisses, his touch... it made her feel complete.

And in three months, she won't be able to see those golden eyes of him any longer.

What Pin failed to notice was how Coiny was beginning to catch onto the darkness she was trying to hide. The corners of his mouth would falter, as he began to realize just how hard this was going to be for the both of them.

The news itself wasn't easy to digest. Poor Pin broke down at the broadcast, her tears drowning out any comforting thought that could have eased the news about the comet. Coiny had heard a wail that he never could have imagined, a noise so foreign that it startled him deeply. He spent his time in silence, cradling her and trying to help her calm down from the realization that the life they knew would be ripped away so suddenly.

The days that followed were nothing short of strange. Pin had shut off every other emotion she had, living through each day on autopilot. She cooked, she worked, she made sure the house was in shape and her lover was taken care of. There was nothing behind those scarlet eyes of her, and it was enough to break Coiny himself. This is what made him realize that they couldn't live through another two months like this.

Hell, if they were going to die, they needed to make the most of it.

That's when they both spoke once more. Coiny explained how this was no time to sulk and cry- for this was a life that he wanted to live to the fullest. It was scary, and he had to admit it- the thought of the world burning down jabbed at the coin-creatures very heart- but he held his composure, the same way he held Pin's hands oh so tenderly

They had agreed to his plan. They promised one another that they would follow through. Nobody wanted to live out their final days with a strain amongst their dearest friends and family; they wanted to go out in the most positive way possible.

This was their last chance at life. And they were going to do as much as they could to make every passing day better than the last.

It truly was a fantastic idea- at least, that's what Coiny convinced himself. He couldn't imagine a better way to spend his final months on Earth than by spending them with his dearest captain, his W.O.A.H Bunch Captain (one year strong!).

A heroic leader.

She computes. She executes. He was doing this not just for him- but for her too.

But despite the warm caresses and the gentle hugs that would cradle him close to her heart, he wasn't no fool. He could see beyond that smile of hers- those shimmering eyes, carrying the weight of a thousand screaming fears, aching to be noticed and recognized.

He couldn't leave her this way.

"You know... you don't have to bake now." He said comfortingly,

placing a hand on the taller woman's cheek. "We could always get something to eat..."

"Wh- nonsense! I'm making you one of the best dirt-cakes there can be, co-captain. There's no stopping me now." Her passion. It truly never died, did it.

"Hey- you have plenty of time to bake, scarlet. We can always just-"

"We have less than three months now. And I am not putting that time to waste. Now sit. Please."

There it was. That familiar crack in her voice, the sign that she was already losing her structure. She was trying her hardest to keep her head up; for him, for Fries, for everyone she knew and loved oh so dearly.

It was truly a shame.

Sighing, Coiny would take a seat at the table, quietly watching her fall back into that familiar baking routine. The sounds of clanging pots and cracking eggs was enough for him to bring him back into that tranquility, as he would let a smile stretch along his face.

But Pin didn't look back. She couldn't. The tears were now unstoppable, and her smile had vanished long ago.

How was she going to keep it together?

[*I try to pretend I'm closer to you...*]

"What do you mean you don't want to kill yourself?"

"Pillow- I- where did you even get that analogy?! When did I ever say something like that?!"

"Oh, yknow! I've already seen a few others off themselves- which is quite a shame! I wanted to see what would happen if they were standing right below the impact zone of the comet."

The words pierced through Book's spine. Despite having fallen for that comforting, soft voice of the girl before her, the frustration was beginning to boil through her cover. She loved Pillow with every page combined- after all, she was the only one who "swung by" to take her in as a teammate. A friend.

Yet, she was incredibly out of touch with any situation that took place. Book questioned how someone like her had stretched from curious, to downright blood-thirsty.

Now, she couldn't complain. When the two started dating, Book would affectionately tell her the comparisons of her characteristics, to that of a great white. Sure, they may seem like bloodthirsty, cunning creatures, that roam underneath the crashing waves of the sea awaiting for their next victim, but in reality? It was an entire stretch. Giant, magnificent creatures- rulers of the sea- where, if you respect them, they respect you.

Just like her dearest Pillow.

Taking a deep breath, Book would reach over and place a hand on Pillow's shoulder. Her thumb caressed at the soft skin, with Pillow's smile growing at the warmth that spread over her shoulder. Her corners would twitch, as she awaited Book's response quite eagerly.

"Listen," Book disputed, gazing into those cloud-coated eyes. "I'm not doing that- we will not be hurting ourselves here. Why don't we try and spend some more time together, for the next three months..?"

"Aww, but don't you want to see the many ways an object can take their own life? Come on Book- nobody wants to live through a meteor impact, which is a bummer..."

Yeesh.

"No, Pillow. There's no need for that- we can do the things we've always wanted, now that we actually have the time to! Say- we could even help you become a scientist! I can teach you how to write, a-and, we could try that restaurant nearby- uh, what was it called again?"

"Yawn! Boooring! C'mon- there's no point in that now. The LEAST we could do is study the questions that objectkind has been too hesitant to answer!"

"Erm... that being...?"

"Death, silly! The many ways an object can meet their end- from the smallest of incidents, to the most brutal!"

"But, Pillow- wouldn't you want to try something more, at ease..? Surely you wouldn't want to end on a note like that?"

"I would!"

Book flinched. As much as she despised the idea, she just... couldn't risk it. Not now.

Ever since the split, she had accepted her wrongdoings, and has been tirelessly working to right her wrongs, and restructure herself to become the best person she could be. Her path to healing was surely not linear- TPOT had proven and tested her relentlessly. But she was still standing; no matter what life had thrown at her, she used the knowledge to find her way around these obstacles, and blossom into someone better.

At least, that's what she thought. But no matter how many times she tried, it seemed like nobody else saw this work of hers. And no matter what, this would begin to eat away at her.

But it didn't bother her. It shouldn't. After all, this was for her and herself only.

Then why didn't anyone else believe her..?

"Pillow, are you sure there isn't anything else you want to do..?" Book pleaded quietly, letting her hands fold over one another. She screamed silently to the heavens above, praying that she would at least listen to the poor thing; to spend their final months together, making up lost time and actually enjoying the beauties that life had to offer.

Yet, just as she feared, nobody gave her a response.

And the only one that did, gave her the answer that she didn't want.

"Hmm... Nope! I want to do this- no matter what. You're welcome to come with me! I could use a little help, in case anyone tries to do anything funny." A stifled giggle came through the pillowcase, covering her smile as she glanced to the side. "What do you say?"

Well now. There weren't many options in place for the poor book; after all, the mere thought of dying alone made her head spin.

It was a fear that ate away at her very being. While the world around her clung to their friends and family, she would perish on her own, the atmosphere not bothering to embrace her as the flames would be the first to take her away. No comforting words, no memories to look back upon fondly... nothing.

The mere realization made Book's heart drop. She couldn't risk this now- Pillow was all she had. And if she went against her word... then, who else would take her in? The alliance was dead to her- her old team needed that space, and she wouldn't go against their word. But Icy...

"...Wait for me, Pillow... Please."

"Wonderful!"

—

[*You're always on my mind, I cannot help it...*]

For being the youngest of two, one would think that Pen would have grown a pair and learned how to fend for himself. But, just like how Pencil chooses to brag about it, the other woodstick was older than him by twenty-four seconds, and it seemed like no matter how many times she would choose to tease and bully him, he wouldn't ever dare to try and fight back.

It wasn't always like this. For you see, thanks to a familiar game show that brought them to where they are today, he had grown to learn how to compete for himself. Sure, there would still be instances of

teasing going back and forth between his friends and his sister; but unlike his younger self, he knew how to face any trouble that would crawl his way.

Unfortunately, when those problems congregate into a giant rock that's hurtling towards the planet, ultimately causing the end to objectkind itself- oh, it was something he could not face.

But here he was! An awkward smile plastered over his pale face, as he sat beside his boyfriend, listening to the endless ideas coming from him, all to ensure that their last few months would be the coolest- out of ANY object on the planet.

"And then, we should get Snowball to set the entire place on fire. Not before we get Blocky to light those fireworks, ha ha!" The pink parallelogram chuckled, taking a handful of popcorn that was sandwiched between the two. Even as the spare kernels would fall out of his hand, Pen wouldn't look its way. His gaze was glued to the screen, where the TV would blast the darkness away with a movie, (of Eraser's choosing, of course).

But even with all of this- the blaring TV, the smell of melted butter, the sound of his boyfriend- nothing could drown out the overwhelming sense of doom that snaked through Pen's veins. And even if these distractions weren't working from driving the fear away, it kept him from completely losing his cool.

...Well, sort of. As his crooked smile truly looked as if it would shattered in seconds.

"And then, we could- Pen? Are you listening?"

There it was. The sudden worry from his lover beside him. Pen shook his head, fixing his cracked smile as he glanced down at the pink object.

"Huh- Oh! Yeah, I was!"

Eraser crossed his arms. "...What was I saying then, Pen?"

"W-Well, uh- you were saying- how we should have, the guys over!"

"And...?"

"And, uh- we could... Hang out... and you and I- we could- y'know... marry...?

"Flattering, but, no."

And that was it. In an instant, Pen's smile dropped, and the air that was trapped in the center of his throat had finally escaped, in the form of a sob. With each cry, his body twitched, as the emotions he had hidden were now bursting from the locked box that was kept in the crevices of his soul; and here he was, spilling it, all in front of someone who was feeling the exact opposite.

How stupid.

All this time- for nothing?! All his hopes, his dreams, his future- taken away from him so soon? What kind of a world was this?

There was still so much he had yet to do- of course, marrying his partner was one of those things. But getting to spend a lifetime with him, and his friends was something he had looked forward to, ever since they day they competed in their first challenge together. Instead of walking down the aisle, he will walk into the darkness, with everyone he had come across in his lifetime.

Through his sobs, Pen could then feel the gentle embrace from Eraser's hold. This washed a gentle solace across his hold, as instantly, he would melt into his body, gently resting his head against the shorter male's shoulder.

No words came from the two. At least, not before Pen would shakily wipe his eyes, his sniffling soon turning into weakened chuckles.

"U-Uh oh..."

Eraser caressed his back, giving him a curious glance. "What?"

"I think I.. got tears in the popcorn.."

"Well- it adds flavor."

"Wh- Ew, Eraser!"

There it was. That familiar laugh that Eraser had fallen for, countless years ago. It still pained him to see those tears gliding down his pretty face; but that smile was similar to that first beam of sunlight, as the clouds would finally begin to dissipate.

Without hesitation, he would carefully brush his tears away, immediately feeling the taller object grabbing his hand out of fear. Their gazes would then fall upon one another; hidden words now being unearthed as they would roam the endless nebulas within their given pupils. It was comforting to the two; that unspoken comfort that would keep their heads on their shoulders, rather than spiraling into the hurricane of dread that stormed through their minds.

But, ignoring it would soon prove to be inevitable. It was only a matter of time until this topic would have to be surfaced this way- ignoring it completely would absorb the remaining bits of joy in these final months.

And Pen didn't want that.

Shaking his head, Pen would collect his thoughts, carefully clutching his boyfriend's hands close.

"I-.. Gosh, Eraser, I-.. I'm so scared."

The words were a mere reassurance to Eraser. He nodded, using his thumbs to caress the back of his trembling hands. "Go on..."

"I just- want this all to stop... The moment the games were finished, I- I was so excited to finally have a chance to live a life with you, OUTSIDE of them! We had a chance to really enjoy life with everyone we knew! But now... I-It's.. Over- that meteor- it's going to kill- everyone..and.."

"...I know. I know this is all- really scary, Pen. I.." Eraser chuckled sadly, glancing back towards the ground. "...I'm pretty fuckin' scared myself."

"...What? B-But you- you seemed so-"

"Calm? It.. hit different for me, but- then, I realized that- there's nothing we can do to stop it. No matter what we try to do, that meteor is going to hit us."

"Oh.."

"But- that doesn't mean we're going out on our own here. What matters right now," He gave his hands a reassuring squeeze, "Is that I'm here. We're here... and we've got each other, right until the end."

From there, Eraser would hold Pen a little tighter than he usually did. And in that moment, Pen swore that he could feel his lover's heart, pounding with great fear- just like his.

[*I don't wanna be, carrying the weight...*]

How do you explain death to a child?

Well- not like any regular death. Permanent death. That final time you close your eyes, and everything you came to know and love has now vanished into nothingness.

How do you put that into a way that wouldn't shatter the remaining joys of childhood?

This question ate away at Basketball for days now. Ever since Grassy had overheard the broadcast about the incoming comet, he could not stop pecking at his mother figures, questioning why everyone was crying, and confused as to why that timer on the TV wouldn't stop counting down.

And even though Robot Flower was in charge of diverting his attention away from the topic, he would only grow more curious, poking and prying at his mothers more frequently until he received an answer.

Quite literally, too- as he was atop of the robots head, poking at her face curiously. Basketball could see this from the kitchen, as she was quietly preparing a meal for her family. Even with the blackened atmosphere, she couldn't help but smile as she watched her son bond

with her partner.

"Heey! Hey... What's a.. Me-.. mee-.. Meeti-"

"Meteor?" Robot Flower responded, her voice having that familiar lilt. Grassy's face lit up as she had understood him.

"Yeah!"

"Well- think of it as a shooting star."

"The ones you make wishes on..?"

"Yep! They're bright, and quite sparkly... it's from all the magic they carry within them!"

"Wow! Is that what the TV man was talking about?"

"Mhm!"

"Why?"

That was the question that made her programming glitch. It was more so out of hesitation- as she did not want to respond with something that would make the kid scared. Yet, she didn't really know how to sugarcoat such bleak news like this one- she had recovered from her identity programming crash a while ago, and was now adjusting to being her own, unique self again.

And man, was it enough work. After all, the two took the kid in once the games concluded- with Robot Flower now finally adjusting, the world just HAD to come to its end. Life couldn't be more crueler now, could it.

Hesitating, Robot Flower would carefully lift the bundle of grass from the top of her head, placing him on the empty spot beside her. She would watch as he blinked, not letting go of her metallic arm as he glanced back up at his mother, eagerly awaiting a response.

It might not have been a good one, but before she could speak, Basketball would poke out from the kitchen, quickly making her way towards the two.

"Hey now!" She smiled, carefully picking up the child. "I think it's time for dinner!"

"But Grassy wanted to know why the TV man talked about the shooting meteor!"

"We'll talk about it after dinner- come on, I made your favorite!"

Immediately, Grassy's mind blanked out- as his pupils dilated in excitement at the mere mention of-

"Spaghetti..?!"

"That's right! I even made extra meatballs- I know how much you like them!"

"Yaaay!"

The wave of relief that washed over Robot Flower's programming was enough to make her forget about the meteor that was headed straight towards their planet. She knew that he would be prying at them with the same question later on, but this gave the woman more time to figure out a proper response in order to spare him from the horrifying scenario that they were a few months away from. Smiling, she watched as Grassy would excitedly scuttle on top of Basketball, clinging onto her joyously as he eagerly awaited their journey to the kitchen.

But Basketball wouldn't leave without her. When has she ever? She was the only object in the entire show to show genuine care and kindness towards her, causing something beautiful to bloom between the two. Ally's to friends, and friends to lovers, a journey that Robot Flower had never imagined taking before. And their love was a pleasant surprise to the robot- with every kind gesture sweeping her off her feet, she couldn't help but adore the sports ball.

Smiling, Basketball would gently nudge at Robot Flower, a gentle brush that spread a comforting warmth throughout her system. She looked up.

"Cmon- it's a family dinner, it wouldn't be so without you."

___

[*Death has come to me, kissed me on the cheek...*]

"I HATE living in a world where recovery isn't possible- where we DIE FOREVER!"

"You already said that once, dear..." Bubble's gentle voice soothed the other woman, as her usual tense posture would begin to melt at her gentle aura.

Someone as stubborn as Fanny never imagined that she would find someone quite like Bubble. She never imagined she would find anyone, period! She hated the idea of having someone to rely on- it only went to show how weak and dependent one could be. And out of any object, Fanny was NOT weak, nor did she need to rely on any object for ANYTHING.

That's the attitude she carried with her into the games. She was already annoyed by everyone surrounding her, and there was even a period of time where she began to question why she joined in the first place.

But these doubts would be immediately thrown out of the window, as soon as Fanny would meet Bubble herself. At first, she did think that she was just another person she hated- weak, emotionally and physically fragile, unconfident and quiet- but all it took was a few competitions, and a gameshow challenge, for her to realize that she was so much more than that.

How she hated her past self for hating her in the first place.

There was a beauty that came from the woman- but her wounds radiated from her very being, as she had been mistreated from time to time by objects that she would call "her friends"- but the way they treated the poor girl made Fanny seethe with rage.

And as the games pursued, they did split their ways; with Bubble staying in BFB, and Fanny making her way over to TPOT, they

thought that it would be the best for one another, rather than holding each other back. But the cycle repeated- Bubble would haunt Fanny's mind with every passing day, and it would weigh her down, causing her relationship with her teammates to strain (and in some, to grow even stronger).

Their reunion was something that Fanny couldn't ever forget. The moment she saw those familiar, loving eyes was the moment her hatred would settle into something that was so new to her- so foreign, yet, so welcoming, that she cherished it every moment she could.

And now, here they were, finally settling down after so much chaos that ensued from their lives. Each passing day would linger as they stretched endlessly in the gateway of time, or, that's what one would think. With every rise of the sun, it's light kissing their very presence that would ignite a harmonious reminder of the peaceful life that held endless adventures for the two; only to face a new threat, something that nobody could face or beat, no matter what kind of armor and weaponry they carried. A game show had prepared them for life's challenges, yes- but they didn't prepare them for a permanent death.

Ever since the news had broken, those beams of sunshine became blinding. The pathway of time had halted, yet the ticking grew quicker and quicker, as every second that passed would become a second wasted.

And in these trenches of fear that engulfed every object surrounding them, results in a blinding rage that hits Fanny. It claws at her; maiming and clawing out the image of an object that nobody couldn't ever recognize. She couldn't accept the fact that they would all soon die- her girlfriend, her acquaintances, everyone- and the unrecognizable wave of fear that would then wash over her. Because of this, she would lash out at anyone and everyone around her. At her former teammates, out in public, and even at her own lover.

It brought her nothing but shame.

"How are you so... calm about this." Fanny finds herself murmuring. Her voice quivered- not sounding familiar to herself at all. It reflected

nothing but insecurity and fear, something she hated deeply.

Bubble, who was organizing the room, now looked up towards her. Their gazes locked, as she immediately made her way towards her, a weakened smile trickling on that shimmering face of hers.

"Well, I am a bubble, hun.." she says, "There wasn't a single day where I wasn't killed- be it accidentally, or purposefully."

Fanny grimaces. She swallows her shame, forgetting how often the poor woman died in the game show. She even needed her own recovery center to keep it from burdening the hosts of the season. "..Are you used to it?"

Bubble sighs. "Very used to it, at least- I would think." She pauses, chewing back at her thoughts as she recalls those moments to her. "Yet, it was so brief- the moment I died, I was brought back in the blink of an eye."

Growing stiff, Fanny locked her gaze onto the floor below in shame. Bubble, noticing this, places a gentle hand on the smaller woman.

"But, I'm quite used to my entire life disappearing in an instant... so it doesn't really affect me anymore."

The blue electrical fan puckered her lips out in anger. She hated it. She hated how someone as kind as Bubble had to endure every passing day with this mindset.

But she knew it brought nothing but pain to Bubble, seeing her get swallowed by a sea of anger at something that was so beyond their control. Fortunately, she knew her better than anyone else- and with a simple glance at her dearest lover, she could tell that she was scared.

She does not mention this. Instead, she gives her a comforting embrace, her arms wrapping around her neatly as her eyes becoming more gentle than ever before. Fanny was tense- but at this very moment, she would begin to melt, her body now beginning to shiver as she rested her head against her chest.

It stays like this for a moment, that is, until Fanny takes a deep

breath, gathering the remaining crumbs of courage she had left within her.

"Does this," She choked out, "..Get easier? Accepting death- realizing that... everything around us will be destroyed, the moment we start anew?"

Her girlfriend's response is hesitant. Fanny grimaced, immediately preparing an apology for her in the back of her mind, before she heard her voice speak once more.

"I don't think there's a need to push it away," she began, cradling her close. "You have a right to be scared- a right to be angry, to mourn something, like the future, being taken away so soon. But that doesn't mean you have to let this consume you."

"What do you mean?"

"We have a path to return to, Fanny. The path of golden memories, both good and bad. We can spend our time being angry at the universe, cursing it for not letting us have our chances- but we can also realize that we had our lives. We got to experience something so unique that many other objects hadn't ever experienced before."

She let Fanny process this, her hand caressing her back ever so gently as she continued.

"I know this isn't going to be easy. It's something we have no control over, but I don't think I could have it any other way, other than spending my final three months with you, Fanny. Whether we make the most of it, or not- whether we go out on dates, or stay inside grieving, as long as you're here with me... it makes it all worth it."

The grief now strikes Fanny through her cold, beating heart. Her very soul begins to crack as she takes the words of her lover in.

She couldn't feel anything other than hate. Hadn't been able to for a while, until Bubble had come across her life. And with it ending so soon, oh, she couldn't bear the anger that she carried for not being able to spend more time with her.

But she was right. And now, it was all up to them to figure out what

they would do next. And knowing that Bubble would be right there with her, lifted the remaining bits of anger from Fanny's soul.

—

[*Immortal by design, I'll be meeting you here every time...*]

No.

No, no no.

This isn't how it ends. This *shouldn't* be how it ends.

The small sports ball would skitter back and forth in the border of her laboratory, snatching note-filled journals and dulled pencils left and right, as a swarm of thoughts buzzed through her soul. Unlike other objects, who were probably wallowing in despair at the news, she was immediately hitting the books- figuring out a way to continue objectkind's reign on the planet.

She had known about the comet itself weeks before it surfaced on the news. She's a scientist, of course- she stays on top of the works of every forum and paper that she can. They had already set a plan in motion to try and deflect the comet from its collision with Earth, and she was optimistic that with the power of science, Earth would be kept safe.

How stupid. She should've known things were weary when the papers halted their production after the launch.

Flipping through the endless pages of notes, Golf Ball adjusted the glasses on her face, her pupils scanning through every note she had taken on this research. Comets could be destroyed- the only thing needed was enough power and technology to send something above the atmosphere. But there was so much to be meticulous of- the atmosphere, the temperature, the weather- the MONEY???

Unlike Pen, she wasn't going to die in debt. She was going to make the most of what she had.

And even as she murmured to herself, she failed to notice the larger, fuzzier sports ball approaching her, watching her with a saddened

glance in his eyes.

The atmosphere of the lab itself was dull. He looked down, his feet overtop the loose-leaf pages of notes that had the familiar handwriting of his partner. Red ink and blue ink made their differences known with the data given, but the black ink signified a finding; a solution.

Could there be a solution to something like this?

Tennis Ball never doubted Golf Ball; since the two became the closest of friends, he would find that there was a brilliance she carried with her, something he hadn't ever noticed in any other object he had met. Her intelligence is what made her shine; breaking barriers in a career that had been dominated by men for countless ages. She didn't hold back from anyone- she did her work, and she would put up one hell of a fight to make it to where she was now.

She didn't even hold back when she and Tennis Ball began to explore a romantic relationship with one another. Her expressions for love were... unique, to say the least, but Tennis Ball knew her more than anyone else.

What seemed off to one, meant the world to him.

His love for her went beyond the edges of the galaxy, so how could he break the news to someone who wouldn't stop, even as the world crumbled around her?

Golf Ball continued to speak her thoughts, trying to make sense of the works before her before she finally caught a glimpse of her lover nearby. She shut her eyes, refusing to take a closer look at him; for she was in no mood to be distracted or disappointed.

"There's got to be a way," she spoke out, "And the answer could be somewhere in my notes."

"Golf Ball..." Tennis Ball frowned, soft crackling coming from the ground as he stepped over each stray page of notes. This seemed to agitate the ball more- her body tensing up as she shot him a warning glance.

"I already said, there's going to be a way."

"How do you know that?"

" "HoW dO yOu KnOw ThAt-" Don't you KNOW who you're speaking to, Tennis Ball?! I've been following this research for MONTHS! Every hypothesis for every possible deflection mission has been recorded here somewhere- I just need to FIND it!"

"Your notes from the Arthropod species are on the ground! Aren't those from TEN years ago?!"

"No time for organization when the world is facing DANGER, TB! Make yourself useful and HELP ME!"

"Golf Ball-"

"We don't have much time!" Golf Ball looked up, slamming the stack of notes against the ground out of frustration. "We have to do this to save the WORLD, here! Their mission may have failed, but with our brains, and your- somewhat, brawn- we could fix this!"

"And how do you suppose we do that?" Tennis Ball frowned, quickly helping her pick up the scattered pages. He could see her girlfriend pacing back and forth, digging silently into her thoughts to try and think of the next step.

He could practically see the lightbulb go off on the top of her head, as her pupils shimmered with the sudden burst of an idea.

Would he ever be able to see this again?

Golf Ball stepped to his side, giving him a playful nudge as she glanced back to the door.

"I think we're going to need more hands. And I think I know someone with enough technological knowledge who can work with us..."

Oh, how it hurt. No matter what he said, his words would ultimately fall on deafened ears. He wouldn't dare speak against her- her determination to try and save this planet was strong enough to blow everyone out of the water.

But even as Tennis Ball followed her to the stairs, he didn't have the heart to tell her that every possible mission had failed. And for once, and for all, science couldn't save them all this time.

Life. How cruel it could become.

---

guess who's dying? (it's everyone, but i also got salmonella so here we are!)

anyways heyyy i cannot contain the voices, i needed to write something. This story will only have four chapters- but hey! each chapter will have ~10k words so, eat up my friends.

like i said in the description, this is a love letter to fanfiction and bfdi but also it sorta helps me with some emotions and events i've been dealing with. I would still like to be recognized by my own works and stuff but the urge to write for bfdi hits and I have to do it...

i may or may not make a playlist to this story since every chapter is relevant to a song so. yippee

lets hope salmonella goes away!

-ice